Apomixis

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27809491.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	M/M, Other
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Other(s), Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	monster fucking, Oviposition, Egg Laying, Slime, Aphrodisiacs, Anal Sex, Breeding, Dirty Talk, Multiple Orgasms, Tentacles, Hate Sex, Manipulation, big dick hannibal, because he both has one and is one, GET IT, Voyeurism, Filming, monster slug world-building, slug death, Podfic Available
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Oviparity
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-01 Words: 12,117 Chapters: 1/1

Apomixis

by Foul-Mouthed Harlot (Winddrag0n)

Summary

He misses the smiles, the rare joy on the man's face, but hatred twists Will's face just as beautifully. Despite the hatred, Will remains. He cannot leave, not when Hannibal holds something the man wants in such an iron grip, locked securely in his basement.

Hannibal finds that though the man's budding interest has withered and died, the loss is not crippling. That lost emotion has been replaced by simple need. Will is bound to him, far more completely than love would have accomplished.

It goes without saying that Will does not get things for free. The favors are never sexual despite Will clearly expecting them to be; drawing the man by the fire, having a polite meal with him, exploring deep into the other man's mind while knowing he cannot refuse. Will hates him, but he also *obeys* him.

--

Will and Hannibal have come to an arrangement. Will gets the slugs and Hannibal? Hannibal gets Will.

Notes

Well, here we are. I said I had more planned. I still do. Will it get written? Probably. Can I say when? Absolutely not. As usual, tell me if I've missed any tags!

Apomixis refers to a specific type of parthenogenesis where meiosis does not occur and the offspring are, genetically, full clones of the mother. Though the term does generally refer to plants, there are other organisms that undergo this type of parthenogenesis as well.

It's quite remarkable how easily Will can pretend that nothing has changed between them.

When they work together he is just as friendly and personable as he had grown to be, at least on the surface. He'll smile, he'll laugh, he'll go out of his way to ask Hannibal's opinion on a matter or ensure the man's suggestions are given the weight they deserve. It would seem almost genuine if Hannibal hadn't been looking so closely at the real thing before he lost it.

The subtleties, those have vanished entirely. Hannibal places a reassuring hand on the man's shoulder only for Will to smile and step away. Where he had once leaned in, now Will remains upright, unwavering. His voice, once tinged with genuine affection, wears the same plastic insincerity it does when he is speaking to his students or coworkers. The fakeness of it is unbearable, far worse than losing his appreciation altogether would have been.

So Hannibal looks forward to the times they are alone, when the mask of comradery drops away to reveal the storm of outrage and disgust beneath it. Will hates him, but at least the hate is genuine.

He misses the smiles, the rare joy on the man's face, but hatred twists Will's face just as beautifully. Despite the hatred, Will remains. He cannot leave, not when Hannibal holds something the man wants in such an iron grip, locked securely in his basement.

Hannibal finds that though the man's budding interest has withered and died, the loss is not crippling. That lost emotion has been replaced by simple need. Will is bound to him, far more completely than love would have accomplished.

It goes without saying that Will does not get things for free. The favors are never sexual despite Will clearly expecting them to be; drawing the man by the fire, having a polite meal with him, exploring deep into the other man's mind while knowing he cannot refuse. Will hates him, but he also *obeys* him.

Tonight, it was yet another dinner. Every time they dine Will cannot hide his suspicion, often hesitating before taking the first bite of the food. It is never the slugs; Will had made it more than clear that if Hannibal attempted to feed them to the profiler that he would be gone by morning. Hannibal would eventually find him, of course, but the effort required and the fallout that follows are not worth forcing the man to eat his young.

Will really, *really* hates it when Hannibal calls them his children. It's nonsense, of course, the eggs carry none of his DNA and aren't even inside of his body for more than an hour, but Hannibal has never been able to resist prodding at the caged tiger. Particularly when the tiger is quite so striking in its fury. "So what was it this time?" Will is watching Hannibal, eyes blank in the way they become when he's struggling to swallow back his anger.

"Shark," Hannibal tells him. It's close to the truth; the man had certainly been a predator, after all. Will has not yet caught onto the true nature of the meat and Hannibal finds he is eagerly awaiting the day that he does.

“Shark, hm?” As if for emphasis, Will picks up the snail shells the meat had been cut to rest inside. He clearly does not believe Hannibal though the truth remains far off for now. “You’ve had your fun. Unless you’ve included dessert.”

“Nothing that will not keep. You’ve been very kind- we can go to the basement now, if you wish.”

Will’s eyes are *burning,* shame and outrage and indignation. Pride seems to have fled him completely, as of late. They stand from the table, leaving the dishes for later, walking side by side down the stairs and to the locked door leading into the slugs’ domain. Hannibal opens the door for them both, turning on the dimmer lighting and closing it behind them.

The lighting is just bright enough to be able to see into the far corners of the room without being intense enough to disturb the creatures that wait there. Instantly, Will goes to the vestibule, slipping inside but remaining outside of the final wall. “Do not enter the enclosure,” Hannibal warns, and Will sighs heavily.

“I know, Hannibal. I’m not going to go any further than this.” He puts a hand on the clear wall, watching as the small slugs all move towards him as one.

They are only a couple inches long and vast in number. There is an initial culling not long after they hatch where they eat their numbers down to a sustainable amount but after that, their numbers stay quite stable until they reach a solid four inches long. At that point Hannibal typically starts to cull them himself. “How far into their life cycle are they?” Will murmurs.

Hannibal has to get closer to hear him properly but still remains outside both barriers. “By my estimate, they are roughly a third of the way into their lives.” It’s quite interesting how they flock to Will, even now, far before they could ever hope to mate. Almost as if he was a deity for them to worship. He wants to see what would happen should they hatch and grow with unfettered access to the man, though he cannot know for certain that Will would be safe in such a situation. Will would not be amenable to taking a six month long vacation, either.

“How many live to adulthood?” The young monsters are crawling up the barrier now, converging on the hole beneath Will’s palm.

“Three did from the last clutch.” Hannibal is watching closely- one seems to have completed the journey, halting just before the tiny opening. “Even without my interference, they will reduce their own numbers at a certain point. I do not see any more than five reaching that goal in the best of circumstances.”

“What happened to the other two?”

“When I could not find them a mate they perished. It seems they do not live long as adults regardless of if they are able to breed.”

Will sounds almost wistful when he speaks. “If I had gone in there with more than one, what do you think would have happened?” The slug extends towards him, moving almost as if it is sniffing.

“I do not believe it would be safe to find out.”

Quick as a whip, a tentacle shoots out of the slug, slips between the air hole in the barricade, and buries itself into Will’s flesh. All he offers in way of reaction is a soft “Oh.”

Hannibal has moved before he entirely realizes, pulling Will back out of the vestibule and dislodging the slug to the ground. It hits it with a soft ‘plop’. “It stung you.” He closes the door to the interior, spinning Will around and bringing the affected hand closer for inspection.

“I’m sure it’s fine,” Will frowns, craning his head back towards the enclosure, likely searching to see if the slug was injured in the fall. It won’t be, Hannibal knows as much, has seen them fall from the ceiling and be totally unharmed.

“Do you feel anything?” Hannibal has never seen the slugs sting anyone other than Will but he cannot trust a creature with the ability to inject an arousal-enhancing substance to be entirely free of other venom.

Will shrugs. “Not really. Either way.” He jerks his hand back and out of Hannibal’s grip. “Probably can’t even make the stuff yet, just acting on instinct.”

“You will need to remain here for a time, until we know for certain.”

Now, the man’s mouth curls into a scowl. “Like *hell* I will. I told you, I’m fine. It always takes effect immediately.”

The tone Hannibal uses leaves no room for argument. “You will stay until I have judged it safe for you to leave.”

It looks like Will has a sharp retort for that as well, but he swallows it down into a pointed glare. “Wait for me in the study so I can examine you.” That is met with an even darker look but, as always, Will obeys.

Hannibal is sure to lock everything behind him, making sure the slugs are seen to for the night first. When he enters the study no more than ten minutes later, Will is sitting by a fire he has started, looking very much like he now regrets the decision.

The man is covered by a thin layer of sweat, flushed a faint red, shifting uncomfortably in his seat. He has removed his jacket and undone several buttons of his shirt in a futile attempt to cool off. “Will?” Hannibal calls, testing the waters.

Will turns to face him, just barely, and then angles his entire body away. “It- you were right.”

“The aphrodisiac,” Hannibal elaborates, catching just the barest suggestion of a nod in return. “As usual? You seem quite lucid.”

“No, it, uh.” Will shakes his head. “It wasn’t instant and it’s much weaker. I’m just… sensitive.”

Hannibal longs to wrap his hand around the other man’s throat, to squeeze away the gasps of overstimulation. “Your body will work through the substance on its own, in all likelihood.

Despite that, you should not drive, and it is unwise for you to be on your own on the off chance something happens to you."

Visibly, Will stiffens. "What are you suggesting?"

"I have several guest rooms, as you are aware. Nothing more than staying the night to allow it to exit your system entirely."

"The dogs-"

"Something I am more than capable of making arrangements for, I assure you."

"Fine," Will bites out, sensing a losing battle and conceding altogether. "Fine, show me the damn guest room."

Hannibal does. The one with an attached full bathroom, several doors down from his own bedroom- the same the man has used before. Will often finds comfort in familiarity, as many people do. He sends Will inside with a large pitcher of water and instructs him to seek his assistance should anything worsen. Will, quite bluntly, says he'd rather just die and slams the door before Hannibal can clarify that he meant it purely in a medical capacity.

With a sigh, Hannibal heads back downstairs to finish out his night.

He calls a service to take care of Will's pack, paying out of his own pocket and mentally adding it to Will's tab. He puts away the untouched dessert, clears the table, scrubs the dishes clean before carefully drying them and returning them to their homes. Then, he takes advantage of the fire Will had built, reading as he enjoys a nightcap.

Before retiring to his own room, he stops in front of Will's, rapping lightly on the door. "Will?" he calls out, softly. "Are you well?"

Silence greets him. Silence, not even a shifting in the sheets, not even the agitated noises Will sometimes makes in his sleep. Total silence is not a good thing to hear. If Will is truly passed out that deeply, Hannibal opening the door to check on him will do nothing to rouse him.

He opens the door and out spills Will, panting and trembling, collapsing into Hannibal's chest. "Please," he's gasping, fingers curling into the fabric of Hannibal's suit. " *Please.* "

"Please what, Will?" Hannibal inquires, though truthfully the answer is obvious. Will has stripped down to just his boxer-briefs, eyes wild and unfocused, a fetching blush enveloping his body. If his appearance wasn't answer enough then the sharp smell of arousal permeating the air is.

Arousal, but not release, Hannibal notes. Interesting.

"Please," Will asks again. "Help me. It won't go away, it just keeps building-"

The man pressed against him is trying his best to pull the suit jacket off of Hannibal's frame but is too shaky and uncoordinated to do so. "What would you like me to do to help?"

Will halts his movements, lifting his head to meet Hannibal's gaze, eyes shining with tears of frustration. "Fuck me," he begs. "Please, Hannibal, fuck me."

Pleasure zips up Hannibal's spine like an electric shock. No hatred warps Will's features now, only desire. He is, quite literally, begging for it. "Very well," Hannibal murmurs. "Not here, in the doorway. Follow me."

A sob of relief rips out of Will and he presses in closer, face tucking into the man's neck. "Thank you," he sighs. "God, thank you."

Walking with Will molded to his form is difficult though Hannibal makes no effort to disentangle them. They are not going far, only several doors away, to another bedroom. Hannibal frees his arm just enough to open the door and turn on the light, illuminating the room within.

The moment he stopped Will started making shallow little thrusts against his body, utterly unable to contain himself. "In here, Will," Hannibal coaxes. "Come, you must let go of me."

"Why?" Will sounds almost petulant, but his grip loosens. It's all Hannibal needed to pry the man off of him.

Instead of an answer, Hannibal pushes the man inside of the room, alone, and locks the door from the outside.

"Hannibal!" Will cries from the other side of the door, sounding wounded, fists banging against the wood. "Hannibal, you can't do this to me!"

Hannibal takes a deep, calming breath, willing his body to settle. It may be futile. "You are not in your right mind, Will."

"You don't care! I know you don't!" It's not entirely correct- Hannibal cares because he knows that while the current Will undeniably wants it, the much more lucid Will would never forgive him for the violation. "Hannibal," Will sobs, a muffled thump seeping through the door as he slides to the ground. "On my own, I can't, I'll die without-"

"The closet," Hannibal interrupts, cutting Will off before he can say something that may break even his iron resolve. "You will find more than enough to occupy your urges. Goodnight, Will."

And then he leaves, before Will can sweetly coax him back inside. There is a half bathroom attached. Will has more than enough to make it through the night.

Hannibal does not allow himself to sleep, knowing he will only dream of Will pressed against him, body hot and inviting. Far too dangerous a temptation when the man himself is still within his walls. Instead he draws it, over and over, until the sun breaks over the horizon.

When he passes by the room Will had been locked in there is, alarmingly, a hole in the wall, like it had been struck by a fist that did not pass through entirely. He peeks through the gap

and sees Will, sitting with his back against the wall beside the door, one leg propped up in a way that protects his modesty.

“Are you going to let me out now?” Will sighs, gaze remaining fixed on something just out of view.

He sounds normal once more, so Hannibal unlocks and opens the door. “You may use the shower in the guest room you were in previously, if you wish.

Wordlessly, Will stands, naked and unashamed as he walks out of the room and back towards what Hannibal has offered. Only when he hears the sound of the water does Hannibal enter the room himself, halting in his tracks almost immediately.

The room is trashed and absolutely stinks of sweat and sex. Various implements are scattered around the room haphazardly, evidence that Will apparently could not confine himself to the bed in his struggles. The aphrodisiac may be much more difficult to tolerate unpaired based on the chaos left behind. Something drastic happened here.

Hannibal had long considered adding cameras to this particular room and the fact that he had not done so earlier now feels like an unforgivable mistake.

Upon closer inspection there is a chastity device among the scattered objects, a strange choice if not for the fact that it is covered in plaster and splinters instead of bodily fluids and lube. The culprit of the hole in the wall, it seems. It will take a great deal of time to clean the mess Will has left behind.

But even Hannibal cannot bring himself to regret his decision, not when Will emerges from the spare room fully clothed (sans underwear, something Hannibal took care to place somewhere the other man would not find should he care to search for it) and behind all the fury and embarrassment there rests a spark of gratitude.

There is no real change in Will’s behavior over the next four months, the man remaining as cold and distant as ever. Once or twice a month he comes to visit the slugs. Hannibal no longer allows the man inside the vestibule, keeping him far enough away to eliminate the risk of being stung once more.

A decision that proves to be well-made, as the closer the slugs get to adulthood the more aggressively they try to reach their mate.

Will hates that, too. Being referred to as their *mate.* It’s dehumanizing, reductive, and undeniably how the slugs see him.

Two have made it to adulthood, this time. When the time has come, Hannibal approaches Will with a proposition.

“Is it not dangerous?” Will is asking, leg crossed lazily at the knee. He’s leaning back into the armchair like he owns the place.

“You would remain safely behind the barriers, of course.”

He doesn’t look impressed. “And what if they kill each other? That’s the end, isn’t it? Of all of this.”

“I will intervene if necessary,” Hannibal smiles, tight-lipped.

“What happens if I say no?”

“Then you return home.” Hannibal’s voice is sharp, clipped and cold. “I will contact you when one of them has died.”

Delightfully, Will seems displeased by the suggestion. He had come here with very specific expectations, after all. “So when are we doing this? Now?”

“Now,” Hannibal confirms. “You may wish to undress; if they decide to share, things may progress quite rapidly.”

Will shrugs as he stands, unbuttoning his flannel. “You got a towel or something I can wear? Maybe some stolen underwear?”

“I am afraid I do not know what you could be talking about. A towel, I will fetch for you.”

When Hannibal returns with the requested towel it’s to Will’s clothes strewn about the room at random, or perhaps spaced in the perfect way to create the maximum amount of mess. Will, shameless as he has become, makes no effort to conceal himself as he takes the towel to wrap around his waist, shooting Hannibal a glare at its barely sufficient size. It is only temporary, after all.

“Shall we?” Hannibal turns, making a sweeping motion towards the stairs leading to the basement. He does not wait for a response before descending them, knowing Will will be right behind him.

One of the slugs, the slightly smaller one, is only a few feet from the barriers when they enter the room and it is up on the wall immediately. Tentacles slip out of the mass, traveling through the holes when they can fit and writhing against it where they cannot. Will approaches the external wall, puts his hands and forehead against it, watching.

The second slug wastes no time approaching the first and attacks it so suddenly and aggressively that Will startles backwards. After all, beyond their discovery, they have been nothing but sweet to him. The tentacles of the second wrap around what likely counts as the head of the first and twists. “Is it…” Will muses, taking a full step backwards away from the clear barrier. “They, they’re invertebrates, are they not?”

“That is correct,” Hannibal answers. He joins Will at the glass, taking care to stay behind the man and out of his field of vision.

“So why is one trying to snap the other’s neck?”

“Because I have killed prey for them in the same manner, in full view of the enclosure.”

Will flinches at the statement- though he does not know the extent of it, he is more than aware of the fact that Hannibal has killed people. As far as he knows it has only been to feed the slugs. Nowadays, that is all he’s had time to do, so he supposes it doesn’t really matter.

The fight is oddly quiet, the slugs not really appearing to have any vocalizations so the only sounds are the wet thwaps of their bodies crashing together. When it has become apparent that twisting the other’s head is doing nothing the larger one tries to use its weight to smother the smaller, able to force it to the ground and cover it with its larger mass. It twitches and jerks as the smaller fights for freedom but slowly, gradually, the motions halt.

When there is the sound of chewing, Hannibal turns and strides to the wall. “Close your eyes,” he instructs, and before waiting for an indication Will has heard him he closes his own and presses a button. Even behind closed eyelids, the flash of light is nearly blinding. There is a thump, a soft and rapid scraping as the surviving slug retreats back to the darker areas of the pen, and the sound of Will swearing. Out of shock and not the pain of being blinded, thankfully.

It is clear that the smaller slug is dead. It is also missing several chunks of flesh, Hannibal notes with a frown. “I do not believe it will be in the mood for quite so time, so to say.” He pushes past Will, who steps aside as he approaches, slipping into the enclosure to haul the body out to butcher. Fully grown, the slugs weigh a significant amount. It is only with a great deal of effort that Hannibal is able to drag them but he knows better than to ask Will for help.

The man glances down at the body before peering out into the darkness. “Is it okay?”

“Merely stunned,” Hannibal grunts. With one last tug the corpse is finally on the table where it rests just barely below the level of the rest of the floor. Using the controls on the wall he raises the platform up, stopping when it is at the desired height. “You may return upstairs if you wish.” Will likely does not want to watch him butcher one of the slugs.

When he pulls out a tray to reveal a gleaming set of knives, Hannibal hears a door close. It’s not the door leading back upstairs. He pauses, looking up just in time to see Will enter the enclosure, towel abandoned on the floor.

There should be no danger in it, at least. They have never attempted to hurt their mate and there is nothing left to fight for the claim to do so.

It’s not quite a surprise when he hears Will’s voice murmuring reassurances to the slug and he cannot fight the tiny smile it brings out of him. The man has always been fiercely and unexpectedly nurturing. He has seen the way he handles his pack, the way he speaks to Abigail. Abigail, whom Will had successfully talked into attending college on the other side of the country, effectively removing her from Hannibal’s reach. Just another of his many punishments.

Hannibal has the slug cut and spread open to remove the eggs when something in Will's tone changes and he pauses. "Yes, that's it!" He hears the man coo. Carefully, he sets his knife down and turns to watch. The slug is still mostly huddled in on itself but the front is starting to uncurl, hesitant tentacles extending outwards towards Will's beckoning hands where he has crouched down to its level. "Good," Will smiles, twining his fingers through the appendages. "See? It's fine, you're safe." He raises his hand, gently pulling the tentacles alongside, pressing a soft kiss to them. "Everything's okay."

The slug grows bolder, more comfortable, tentacles reaching upwards, tracing the curve of his jaw and pressing against his lips. With a small smile, Will parts them. The appendages slide inside, slowly and carefully at first, then in greater number and with more intent. Will's eyes flutter shut with a groan.

Something about the sight feels almost intimate, like Hannibal is intruding on a moment he should not be. He is hesitant to describe the action as kissing but there's no real better analog for it. When Will rocks backwards on his heels Hannibal can just barely see the way the tentacles have wrapped around his tongue, pulling it past his teeth before the entire creature moves forwards to follow the movement.

When the stinger emerges Hannibal steps away from the table entirely. It should keep.

Once Will has been stung the creature surges forwards but Will, unexpectedly, resists. His mouth is vacated to allow him to make noises of distress or whatever other cues the slug seems to read. It is quite obvious the creature is trying to press him to the stone but Will shakes his head and turns himself over, onto his hands and knees. The tentacles urge him to flip once more. "No," Will gasps, eyes clouded with pleasure as he ruts backwards against the slug. "Like- like this." It does not give up, continuously attempting to flip Will back over onto his back until the man makes a frustrated noise. He reaches behind himself, sliding his hand between his body and the flesh of the creature, reaching blindly for something, his other forearm braced against the stone. When he finds it the slug's body ripples, pulls back only just, and then slams forward.

Will moans rather loudly as the ovipositor slides inside his body. He makes efforts to free the arm wedged between his back and the creature but can't seem to make much headway until the tentacles wind down, curling around the limb and helping free it. It immediately joins the other braced against the ground.

The slug fucks him aggressively and instinctually, driving forwards with a frantic pace, desperate to bury its young deep inside of its mate. High noises of pleasure are escaping Will with every thrust, his mouth hanging open, eyes sealed shut. Hannibal finds he cannot look away from it, the plush lips hiding flashes of white teeth, tongue and mouth so wet and warm and inviting. He had liked it all the times the tentacles had slid inside. What face would he make if Hannibal forced his fingers inside, hooked them deep and forced his mouth to spread wide, slid his cock inside while the man couldn't possibly resist? Would Will look as he does now, face flushed and eyes closed in pleasure as Hannibal fucked his throat, or would he struggle to bite down and glare up with tears in his eyes?

Every thrust sends Will forward on the stone, his arms unable to find proper purchase. The tentacles urge his head to tilt upwards, sliding inside his mouth and down, gagging him on

the intrusion. While the tentacles are quite slender Hannibal can't help but remember that time out in the snow when the ovipositor had been forced down the man's throat instead, eggs carefully laid inside his stomach, coming dangerously close to suffocating him. Looking at how the slug handles him now it seems as if that danger would no longer be present should one of the creatures see fit to try again. Though there is no guarantee that Will's body won't reject the eggs like before he knows that Will would try it if the slug asked it of him. It's easy to picture the tentacles replaced by a much larger ovipositor, easy to hear the muffled whine as it slides down his esophagus, easy to remember the way Will's eyes had rolled back into his head as the eggs were pushed down his throat-

A sharp cry shocks Hannibal out of his thoughts. Will's eyes are open, pupils blown, fingers curling over the stone as he comes, tentacles hovering around his face. Hannibal hadn't even noticed them retracting. It's most likely not over, it's never over after just once, but then the slug is pressing Will flat against the floor and holding his body still. Will makes a confused noise, eyes widening before slamming closed as the eggs are pushed into him.

Will, as always, looks dazed when the slug pulls off of him, ovipositor sliding out and vanishing back inside the creature's body. Hannibal is debating flashing the lights again to steer the slug away- Will's quite far into the enclosure, after all- when suddenly the tentacles gather the man up, almost cradling him to the slug's form. It moves forwards, gently depositing Will just by the door on the wall before retreating back into the near darkness.

Hannibal waits a long moment before sliding inside himself, helping Will to his feet. The man has a faint frown on his face, neck craned to allow him to look back into the enclosure. A hand over his midsection draws Hannibal's attention downwards.

The swell there is smaller than it typically is, after the first mating. Hannibal does not draw attention to it as he helps the man upstairs.

Extracting the eggs confirms Hannibal's suspicion; there are far fewer than there should have been, particularly with the size of the slug. The last time he had done this, after everything had been revealed, when he had tried to touch the man after the eggs were removed Will had used the last of his strength to try and punch the man, so he dare not try again. Instead his actions are far more directed than usual and he is rewarded with semen mixing with the water as he draws the last of them out. He puts them in a basin to be joined by the remainder of the clutch. Will blinks at him, slow and tired but for now, awake. By the time Hannibal is lifting him out of the tub Will has fallen asleep on his shoulder. For just a moment, Hannibal holds the man there.

That following night, once Will has rested and reawoken, after dinner, they share a drink by the fire. Will is obviously anxious about something but Hannibal does not prod, allows the man to bring it up himself. "It was…" Will finally begins, taking a sip of his wine. Not whiskey, rarely whiskey, for what good is a reward if you give it with a job half done? "It was quicker, and there were less."

Hannibal sets his own glass to the side and folds his hands over his knee where one leg is crossed above the other. "Does this worry you?"

That statement earns him a sharp look, Will's way of saying to halt any attempts at psychiatry that may be forming. "Does it worry *you?* "

"It may be simply stress," Hannibal offers. "The creature was quite badly startled just beforehand."

"Or?" Will prompts, always seeing the threads of further conversation.

"Or perhaps you've upset it."

Will looks both offended and incredulous at the suggestion. " *Me?* What on earth could I have done to upset it?"

"You rebuffed its advances."

"Are you saying I hurt its feelings?" Hannibal nods. "Well, it's not like I refused out of pride or anything like that." He snorts into his wine.

"Will," Hannibal beckons, voice low. "Come here."

He sighs but obeys, walking until he is standing just before Hannibal. When fingers curl around his wrist he allows Hannibal to pull his arm forwards, only watching as the button of his cuff is undone and Hannibal slowly rolls the fabric back. Inch by inch, he reveals angry, red, raw skin on Will's forearms where he had been pressed to the stone. Hannibal presses a finger to the flesh and Will lets out a hiss of pain.

"Has it always happened?" Hannibal murmurs, rotating the limb to inspect the damage. Nothing more than mild abrasions.

"All two of the times I've been on the floor in there, yeah," Will replies. "I do want to keep the skin *on* my back if that's okay."

"Have you considered trying to explain this to the creature?" Hannibal rolls the sleeve of the shirt back down and fixes the cuff. When he is finished, Will steps back.

"They don't exactly speak English, Hannibal."

"But they are remarkably attuned to your emotional responses and body language," Hannibal counters. "You may be able to communicate the problem."

"And then what? It's going to lay down a blanket for me?"

"It does not hurt to try," Hannibal replies, words clipped. "They are devoted to giving you pleasure. If it wants you on your back, perhaps you should allow it to have you in that manner."

Will smiles, wide and cruel. "Is that a request, doctor?"

"Merely a suggestion."

“Don’t-” Will cuts himself off, eyes narrowing. “No, you *do* have a request but it’s something else entirely, isn’t it?”

Though he was unpredictable in many ways, Will could always be counted on to pry out secrets. In this case he had provided the perfect segue into a topic Hannibal had always intended to broach tonight. He expected a great deal of pushback and so needed to bring up the idea as soon as possible. “I would like to film you.”

Will seems quietly shocked by the request and had obviously not expected it. There is no disgust or outrage, only a quiet moment for his mind to change tracks. “Being fucked,” he clarifies.

“Indeed.” There was a long list of justifications for it if Will cared to ask and Hannibal supplies one now. “Twice a year is terribly infrequent for such a rare experience.”

“So what, this is just for personal use? Tape me being fucked by them and on lonely nights you can play it back and jerk off?”

Hannibal flinches slightly at the crude remarks but does not try to deny them. Anger, he had anticipated anger, was more than ready for Will’s body to tense and his hands to curl into fists-

“Yeah, sure, whatever you want.”

Now it’s Hannibal’s turn to fall silent as he switches gears. Will had agreed to it, just like that? “Tomorrow.”

Will shrugs. “Figured you’d want to do tomorrow. Can you even get good footage down there?”

“I have found a setup that records well in the dim lighting, yes.”

“Even through the barriers?”

“Hardly noticeable.”

“Huh. Well, as long as you don’t harm them in the process. See you tomorrow.”

Will leaves the room without even a cursory goodnight, leaving his half-empty glass of wine on the mantle. Hannibal cleans up after them both before journeying down to the basement to double check the filming equipment. This is a rare opportunity and he will not let it go to waste.

The last time they had done this, when the first part had been an unwelcome surprise, Hannibal had established a hard rule of needing a rest day in between clutches. For the safety

of both yourself and the slug, he had told Will. The fact that Will was not allowed to leave during it made his honest intentions quite obvious.

Though it is briefly a prison, Hannibal's home is still lavish and comfortable, and Will is fed well to regain his strength. He could easily have gone straight back into the enclosure the following day and though part of him wishes to argue as much, a much quieter part of him enjoys the longer break from work that results. Working with Jack takes a toll and this is a unique opportunity to step away from it, even if only for half a week at best. If the price he has to pay for such is being forced to tolerate Hannibal's presence, Will believes that he can manage.

When he wakes up the morning the day after their conversation by the fire, Will is ready.

Hannibal sits, not in the dining room but at the island in his kitchen, finishing his breakfast. There is no breakfast for Will on days like these. The man's eyes track up and lock onto Will as he enters, raking over his body appreciatively. He's only in his boxers, after all. "Ah, Will. Are you well?"

"Yup," Will answers. "Whenever you're ready to go."

Naturally, Hannibal takes his time with his meal, letting Will stand there awkwardly as he washes the dishes before drying them and putting them away. At last he turns to the profiler. "Shall we?"

This time, Will leads the way down. When he enters the basement and flicks the lights on this side on he really shouldn't be surprised to see a camera more at home on the set of a movie pointing in towards the enclosure. He doesn't give Hannibal the satisfaction of a reaction beyond nodding towards it. "That thing gonna be able to record audio?"

"There are microphones hidden in the enclosure." Of course there are. "You may enter when you please."

Will would enjoy nothing more than being in a place Hannibal cannot reach him, so he enters the vestibule and closes the exterior door behind him. In the enclosure, the slug has been active since the moment he stepped down the stairs, but it is not advancing towards him as they usually do. Instead it seems to be shifting back and forth near where it mounted him the first time, possibly out of excitement. He supposes that it already knows that he will come to it and sees no reason to try and drag him back by force.

As he opens the interior door Will glances over his shoulder to see Hannibal looking through the camera. Presumably, he is ensuring everything is working correctly and adjusting settings so the recording comes out properly.

The idea that Will may cause him to miss out on recording part of the breeding if he moves quickly enough is all it takes to send Will through the doorway and towards the slug inside. It's rearing up, still swaying back and forth, tentacles reaching out for him. When he comes within range they curl around him, not drawing him towards it, simply feeling. One presses against the friction burns on his arms and Will can't stop the hiss of pain that escapes him.

Surprisingly, the slug falls still, until more of the tentacles come to wrap gently around the abused flesh. Its body droops. Is it… concerned?

Will tips his head to the side, considering. Hannibal had suggested that he try to communicate the issue to the creature and while he wants nothing less than to do what Hannibal has said, the slug does seem, impossibly, upset that he has been injured. They can't possibly be that intelligent.

Then again, everything about them is impossible, so Will kneels on the ground, and the slug follows. He's never been around one this long without being stung (or absolutely terrified) and finds the situation fascinating. When he tugs his arms back the slug releases them. He leans over, holds his forearm just above the stone and mimes dragging it back and forth, wincing in an exaggerated manner.

The reaction is immediate. Some of the tentacles drop to the floor, feeling across the uneven surface, while the rest return to the reddened skin and brush along it. It does this for several long moments before all the tentacles move forwards, curling along Will's back, and simply touch him there.

Breathless, Will nods, and then the tentacles are pulling him upwards, supporting his back and legs as it stretches him out beneath it. He's on his back but no part of his body touches the ground. Will's breath hitches and he feels the sensation of the stinger sliding into his neck.

As the warmth fills him he belatedly realizes that he had never removed his underwear, a problem the slug seems to have noticed as well based on the way the slug's ovipositor is bumping against it. He assumes it will be torn open or off him entirely, but then the tentacles move him forwards, further away from the slug's body, two sliding under the hem and gently slipping them off. He thinks he may see the slug set them down politely off to the side but he can't quite be sure of anything at the moment, not with how the ovipositor lines up and slips inside of him, the tentacles pulling him back into place and burying it deep inside. This one feels closer to the first than the second, not quite as long but larger in diameter, stretching him in a much more pleasing way. Will groans at the sensation, tipping his head back, flexing his arms against the grip of the tentacles and finding them unyielding.

The world looks different upside-down, especially in his hazy mind. He can see Hannibal seated beside the camera, one leg crossed over the other at the knee, watching the unfolding events with laser focus. He shifts his gaze, stares directly into the lens of the camera, and hopes Hannibal will be able to see the hatred in his eyes even through a screen.

Simultaneously, the slug moves its lower body backwards and pulls Will forwards, slamming the two back together with a bone-rattling thrust. Will closes his eyes as he moans from the sensation. The first slug had mounted him frantically, and the second manipulated the ovipositor rather than thrusting properly. This one feels like it's using him, like Will is just a tool for it to fuck into, and yet it handles him so gently while it does so. The tentacles holding him are secure enough so that he will not fall but not so tight to sting, though he has serious doubts that he'd even register the pain right now. It's holding him so carefully that he doesn't even think there will be marks.

The ones curling around his wrists and ankles are held tighter, using these points of contacts to drag him down on its ovipositor as it bucks forwards. His legs, despite the influence of the aphrodisiac, are stretched so wide around the body of the slug that it is uncomfortable, bordering on painful. He tries to pull his legs back and eventually the slug notices, allowing him to fold them up against his chest, releasing his limbs and dragging him back by his hips instead. With his arms now free he can't help the way they reach upwards, grabbing onto the edges of the slug's body and holding tightly. It's difficult to keep his grip but if he ever slips the tentacles are there to help his hands back into place.

He knows what this must look like, to the camera, to Hannibal himself. This isn't a monster mindlessly mating, it's a lover's embrace. Will tilts his hips so that the flexible ovipositor crushes up against his prostate before sliding deeper. "A-Ah," he gasps. "Shit. L-Like that." It can't outright understand his words but it seems to understand that he enjoys this, pulling him closer to it until it's nearly thrusting upwards. The body of the slug is plush and comfortable and he can easily wrap his arms around it now. He clings to it as it fucks him, murmuring nonsense, the feeling of the slimy flesh wrapping around his body almost more intense than the pleasure from it fucking him. "M-More," he gasps, pleading with a being who cannot understand him. "Please, I want-"

The slug buries itself inside of him and all at once the tentacles tighten, locking him securely in place. He thinks it is about to lay right up until the world spins and he suddenly finds himself upright, impaled on the ovipositor, the sharp change in sensation alone enough to make him come.

For a moment all he can feel is the blinding pleasure. As it fades away other sensations return- he can feel the flesh of the creature beneath his legs as he kneels on it, hands braced against it further up the body. The slug is on its back under him, tentacles petting over him, questioning. He shifts where he is seated. Like this, with the aid of gravity, he feels so much fuller than before, every tiny moment sending shocks of pleasure through his sensitive body. Every inch of his body is screaming at him to move, to fuck himself on the ovipositor as the slug lays beneath, but his limbs feel weak and shaky. It seems like an impossibility.

This is when it hits him that he feels *weak.* Earlier, he had felt discomfort and nearly pain, and he finds that he is much more focused than before. Even days prior he had felt more clearheaded, though it had escaped his notice until now. While the obvious explanation would be that he is building up a tolerance to the venom the pleasure had not lessened; if anything, it had only increased. Either he is becoming accustomed to this drug or the slug is actively evolving for his own benefit.

The thought of such sends him doubling over, hands tightening in the squishy body of the slug with a high noise. "I-" he tries to say, but even the act of speaking seems to make his body clench down even tighter around the ovipositor. Unable to speak, he weakly rolls his hips and shakes his head. Tentacles wrap him in their embrace and lift him up, mere inches, but he feels it so acutely. "Yes," he gasps, eyes closing, and when they drop him back down the noise he makes can no longer be considered words. Though his thoughts may be far more ordered than before, all he can feel is how deliciously overwhelming it feels, how it fills him up to the point that it feels as if it shouldn't be biologically possible. The slug is careful as it fucks him, never pulling him more than a few scant inches off of it and never thrusting

upwards to meet him, only letting Will's own weight bear him back down. Eventually, it stops. He feels the flesh of the creature ripple beneath his hands and braces himself for the feeling of the eggs forcing themselves inside his body.

He feels them, one after another, waiting for the moment they slip free to slide deeper inside of him. It never comes. The creature lifts him up again, up to the base of the final egg waiting in the ovipositor, and when it pulls him back down Will's cry echos through the basement. It's not laying, the eggs are just sitting in the ovipositor, widening it and pressing out against him. Every time it lifts him up and down they rub harshly against his prostate, sending spikes of pleasure through him so intense that tears begin to gather at the corners of his eyes. It keeps fucking him like this, using its own eggs to bring him pleasure, the sensation far too overpowering to be called teasing. Tears slip free and the creature falters, a tentacle brushing against his cheeks to wipe them away. Will opens his eyes, cradles the tentacle in his hand and kisses it, trying to communicate that these are *good* tears. It understands and when it moves again, the movements are much more forceful than before.

Just when everything is nearing its peak, Hannibal speaks, and Will is so furious at the interruption that he thinks that he would have snapped the man's neck had he been within reach. "Is it laying, Will?"

The fastest way to shut Hannibal up will be to answer his question, which Will manages to do with some difficulty. "N-No," he calls out. "They're just- hnn- still in the-" His words are choked off into a moan.

"The ovipositor," Hannibal clarifies.

" *Yes,* " Will moans as the creature pulls him back down. Blissfully, Hannibal sees fit to end his line of questioning here, and Will can focus on what really matters. The slug is rippling again, likely nearing the point where it wishes to lay, unable to hold itself back after cutting the action short before. "Go on," Will urges, bracing his legs best he can next time he is lowered fully. "Lay them. Inside." Tentacles wrap around his legs and arms, pulling him down until he's flush with its mass once more, locking him in place. The camera must have a perfect view of what is happening. When the first egg finally pops out of the ovipositor and inside of him, another taking the space left open, his orgasm is ripped from him so suddenly that it catches him by surprise.

All through his twitches and aftershocks, the slug holds him fast and pumps the eggs inside of him. It must have so many left because of the weak first clutch it laid, so much that he doubts he will have room for them all. As his stomach grows heavier the slug breeds him slower, careful to watch for the point when he cannot take anymore. It must be nearing, he already feels so full, already past the point where the last generation had had to stop before. He is able to raise his head enough to look back and see where the rest of the eggs are gathering near the base of the ovipositor. There are not that many more. "Go ahead," he murmurs, turning his head back towards the slug, chin resting on its flesh. "I can take them. All of them."

It feels as if the final tiny batch takes as long to lay in total as all of the previous together. The slug refuses to speed up, testing Will's limits carefully with each further egg, finding him unrelenting until the final egg reaches the ovipositor and instead of forcing them in further, it

retracts the organ skillfully enough to leave the eggs inside of Will. He feels so full, like they're so far inside of him that if he opened his mouth wide enough you would be able to see them down his throat. That, he knows, is truly impossible, but the thought alone makes his cock twitch in interest.

As before, the slug gently lifts him with its tentacles, righting itself and placing him reverently by the door. Will struggles to sit up, eyes locked on the lumpy bulge in his stomach, noticeably larger than any before. The slug pats him on the head before retreating back into the pond to finally die.

Hannibal does not collect him as quickly as normally and Will wonders spitefully if the man is having difficulty walking. He certainly won't be doing so himself anytime soon. The fire is still smoldering in his body, lessened but still very present, and as Hannibal stiffly picks him up off the floor he can't help but wonder if the man may be good for something else after all.

Two things have become immediately obvious over the course of watching the slug breed Will the final time. Will's needs seem to be the most important thing possible to the monsters, to the point where this one had terminated its breeding mid-lay simply to pleasure the man further. It seems undeniable that subsequent generations of the creatures somehow retain the knowledge gained by previous ones. This is both fascinating and potentially dangerous. So long as their focus remains on caring for their mate, nothing will have to change. If they continue to grow more intelligent with every generation, Hannibal will have to be very careful moving forward.

If they are growing more intelligent at all, he amends. It is also very possible that they have always had this level of intelligence and were simply too consumed with instinct to properly utilize it. That, naturally, leads into the second unexpected development. Will was clearly far more lucid than he has ever been, to the point where he had actively communicated with the creature all throughout their coupling. The slug is either adjusting the dosage or, more interestingly, it is slowly tailoring the venom to Will's unique body chemistry. One glance down at the man in his arms is all it takes to establish the biological advantage doing so may yield.

Will's eyes are closed as Hannibal places him in the tub, but he is certainly not asleep. This is confirmed when the warm water reaches his chest and his eyes open, focusing on Hannibal's face. "So?" he asks, frighteningly coherent. "How are we doing this?" His gaze is heated but sharp.

Hannibal rolls up the sleeves of his shirt and kneels beside the tub. "However you are most comfortable, as always."

"Right." Will seems unable to turn over so instead he leans forward, shifting his body until he's kneeling in the bathtub with his upper body stretched out across it and his arms folded on the opposite rim. "This, if it will work."

“I believe it shall.” The urge to run his hands across the arch of Will’s spine is powerful but even in his current state, he has total faith in Will’s ability to find a way to physically hurt him. Instead he centers himself, sliding one hand down towards Will’s ass and the other around his front, cupping the bulge in his stomach. Will opens for him eagerly as he slides his fingers inside, coming in contact with the first egg immediately and beginning the laborious process of extracting them without breaking the strand.

For all his posturing and fury, Will relaxes into his grip very quickly, a contented sigh slipping past his lips. He seems to be drowsing on the edge of the tub. This position is advantageous for Hannibal, making it trivial for him to guide the eggs downwards as they exit, massaging Will’s prostate as they go. The smell of arousal gradually fills the air and at some point, Will even spreads his knees wider in the tub. It should be simple enough to time the orgasm, hitting Will with it just as the last of the eggs slip free and just before he finally falls asleep. As the surface of the water becomes more and more obscured by the eggs and he can feel Will’s stomach returning to its previous shape he presses the eggs down even further, feeling the way Will’s cock jumps up against his hand in response, hears the way his breathing quickens. Bit by bit he increases the pressure, allowing his fingers to strike Will’s prostate directly as the last egg comes free, easily disguisable as a mistake. Will’s body droops into the warm water of the tub. Hannibal allows himself to inhale, frowning when he does not pick up the scent of Will’s release. Quietly, he moves to the back of the tub, where Will’s face is pillowed in his arms as he sleeps. Instead he finds blue eyes, open and alert, the tiny smile taunting him for walking straight into the trap Will has lain for him.

Hannibal is fast but Will is faster, hands shooting out to push Hannibal back by his midsection, forcing him to the ground. The wall is close enough that his head collides with the wood instead of the pristine tile. Though it hurts, he is not injured, merely dazed. When he comes back to his senses he sees Will, lower body still submerged, the rest stretched out over the tub and into Hannibal’s lap. Will has managed to catch him so off guard that he doesn’t even register that Will has his dick in his hands until the man squeezes it, trying to catch his attention. “Did you think you were being subtle?” He asks, head tipping to the side. “Because you weren’t.”

“I admit that I was more concerned with being interrupted than being subtle,” Hannibal groans. He will have time later to work out how much Will has been aware of, though he thinks that if Will knew that Hannibal has been feeding him his semen that he would not be quite so kind.

“Yeah, that figures. I. Hmm.” Curiously, Will seems to be staring quite intently at Hannibal’s cock. “Change of plans. You, over there.” Rather than point Hannibal towards where he seems to want the man to go, Will climbs out of the tub and mostly drags him there, one hand fisted in his collar and one still wrapped around his dick, almost more of a threat than anything else. ‘There’ ends up being just another spot on the tile, free from pesky obstacles getting in the way. “Get rid of the pants before I change my mind.”

“The aphrodisiac still affects you,” Hannibal protests, so Will pulls the pants off himself before climbing on top of the man to straddle his lap.

“Sure,” Will agrees. “It’s not like last time. I’m in my right mind. Maybe last time is *why* I’ve retained my senses.”

“It will clear with time.”

Will reaches behind him to grab Hannibal’s cock, lining it up before pausing. “Yeah, but this way is so much more *fun,* isn’t it?” He rocks backwards, sinking down onto Hannibal, eyelids fluttering as his ass meets Hannibal’s thighs. “Fuck *,* Hannibal, you’re *huge.* ”

If Will had been expecting an answer Hannibal certainly isn’t going to be giving him anytime soon. He closes his eyes with a groan, trying to force himself to focus and regain his composure. Will is far too tight around him for someone who has been through what he just has been, even his stomach has gone entirely back to normal, and Hannibal cannot tell if this is an effect of the venom or just another example of how impossibly resilient the man always seems to be. It’s so hot inside the other man that that, at least, must be a result of the venom. “Will, you-”

“You know, for someone who wants to fuck me so badly, you sure seem to be trying pretty hard to talk me out of it. Maybe you should just shut up and consider this your reward for your earlier restraint?” Will punctuates the statement with a roll of his hips, making them both gasp.

“I simply do not wish you to do anything you will regret.”

Will sneers. “Really? If anything, I regret not doing this sooner, now that I know what you’ve been hiding down there.” He rolls his hips again, drawing out another groan. “ *Fuck.* How many people could even take this?”

Hannibal, then and there, abandons his futile attempts to hold onto reason. “As well as you?” His hands grip Will’s hips, holding him steady as he bucks up into him. “None.”

The grin that grows on Will’s face is positively sinful. He peels Hannibal’s hands away from his hips, pinning them to the tile, and begins to move.

Contrary to every other time they have gone through the breeding, Will doesn’t even seem to be the slightest bit tired, riding Hannibal mercilessly. Are the slugs no longer enough, or has Will always felt this energized and restless after, simply to a degree that was still lesser than his exhaustion? Though Will is not typically a particularly active person, the times Hannibal has seen his body are evidence enough of his strength, and it seems as if his stamina is just as vast. He’s only using his legs to move as he rocks above Hannibal. When he tests Will’s grip on his wrists the answer is a crushing increase of pressure until Hannibal relents. He could likely overpower Will if he tried more seriously, but why on earth would he want to break free of this? It’s obvious from Will’s face that he is barely paying attention to Hannibal himself, instead taking what he wishes as he pleases.

While part of him thrills at watching Will’s dominance, a much larger part of him grows angry at the realization that he is largely inconsequential to the man above him. The part of him he’s so clearly enjoying is still a part of *him,* after all. If Will wishes to partake of it, he’ll

have to accept the whole. Hannibal plants his feet on the ground and waits until Will is at his highest before thrusting up to meet him, knocking him out of his rhythm.

Will actually laughs at that as he falls still, breathless with excitement. “Sorry, did you want to be involved? I’ll consider it if you can keep your hands to yourself.” He releases his grip on Hannibal and places his hands on the man’s chest instead, leaning forward to give him more room to move. “Go ahead and try.”

As was asked of him, Hannibal keeps his hands flat against the tile. They fall into rhythm together easily, as if they’ve done this a hundred times before. Will rolls his hips forwards, dragging his cock along the fabric of Hannibal’s shirt, spreading water and precum and the slime from the slugs, and he bears down just as powerfully as Hannibal thrusts up. He’s less focused, now, eyes lidded and mouth open as he moans. Hannibal speaking doesn’t seem to snap him out of it. “You love this.”

The answer isn’t immediate, Will instead reaching a hand backwards to trace around the edge of Hannibal’s cock as it disappears inside his body. “C-Can you even fuck women with this?”

“Of course,” Hannibal replies, “though I have had trouble in the past.”

Will rolls back again, lifting his hips higher, and when Hannibal fucks into him it punches out a high-pitched groan. “What do you prefer?”

“You,” Hannibal answers honestly, and Will smiles viciously. “The slug had you like this, earlier. Which do you prefer?”

“T-Too different,” Will gasps, eyes falling closed and brow furrowing as he tries to concentrate. “It- the ovipositors, they-” His head drops down between his shoulders and he falls silent, focusing instead on fucking himself on Hannibal’s cock, breath picking up and precum weeping from the head of his dick-

Hannibal slows, intentionally disrupts the rhythm, and Will looks back up with a growl. “I believe I asked you a question, Will.”

“Fine,” the man spits. As he continues speaking Hannibal gradually picks up the movements once more. “They’re slender, have less- less weight to them. Feel colder. Even with the eggs inside they’re not this- not this large.”

“But they go much deeper,” Hannibal clarifies, and Will nods. “You’re pinned in place while they’re inside.”

“I lose control.” To punctuate his statement, Will hands tighten painfully into Hannibal’s chest.

“You dislike losing control.”

“Takes one to know one.” Will has slowed as they talk, moving more like he’s savoring the way Hannibal feels inside him rather than chasing pleasure. “It can be nice, sometimes.”

“I can take control from you,” Hannibal murmurs, watching Will raptly. He looks so blissful, like he’s happier here than he has been in his entire life. “If only you’d ask it of me.”

When he speaks next, responding to the words that went unsaid, Will’s expression doesn’t even change. “I don’t *care* what you want,” he sighs happily, “and I never will.”

Hannibal surges upwards, fisting a hand in Will’s hair and yanking his head back, ignoring the snarl that it brings out of the man. “Perhaps you should learn to pretend.”

“You’d hate that.” Hannibal sets his teeth to Will’s neck only for Will to jerk away from him. “If you leave a mark somewhere I can’t hide it I might just cut your dick off and bring it with me. Let you bleed out on the floor like you deserve.”

Any sort of response Hannibal had been considering shatters to pieces. He traces the line of Will’s neck with his teeth, trailing it down to his shoulder, finally biting down as he jolts up into him with a powerful thrust.

Will groans in pain, tilting his hips and holding them where he likes, allowing Hannibal to fuck into him as he pleases. “Fuck,” he hisses. “Of course you liked that. What do you enjoy more? The thought of me killing from your influence, or the thought of me killing *you?* ”

His teeth release Will and he lays his forehead on the wound, blood leaking sluggishly onto his skin. Words are far too much to ask of him right now. Will feels so good around him, twitching and clenching as he thrusts up into the man mindlessly. Nothing in the world could stop his hands from locking around the man’s hips and holding him in place. Will’s hands find his shoulders, holding fast, breath coming out in quick pants and moans that pitch higher and higher as he nears orgasm.

Unexpectedly, Will speaks. “How about this?” he gasps. “If- If I ever see that video of me on the dark web, I’ll choke you until your eyes burst in their sockets.”

Hannibal gasps and stutters and comes, Will following close behind him with a whine.

The sensation of Will cooling down to a normal body temperature around him is novel and somewhat jarring. It isn’t long before the man peels Hannibal off of him, standing up and off the man with only the slightest wobble in his legs. He uses his foot to press Hannibal back onto the floor. “I’m going to shower,” he announces, stepping away. “Do whatever you usually do after jacking off to my unconscious body.”

As he exits the bathroom Will makes no effort to cover himself or even acknowledge the fact that Hannibal’s semen is slowly dripping down his thigh. Hannibal lays on the tile, closes his eyes, and steadies his breathing.

Something changed between them, that day. The balance of power has shifted into Will’s favor and he is far from above taking advantage of the circumstances. Hannibal had not

expected Will to touch him without the influence of the aphrodisiac but not even a week later, at their weekly session, Will is bent over Hannibal's desk with his legs spread, moaning wantonly as Hannibal fucks him. Even without the venom his body is wonderfully sensitive.

Hannibal is swept up in it for nearly a month before he realizes that Will is taking advantage of him. It is nearly always Will that initiates, though even when Hannibal does himself the man is more than willing. It takes a while to notice that Will is using it as a form of distraction. When Hannibal wants nothing more than a conversation, Will lures him in with sweet words and touches until they're twisting in the sheets. If he invites Will to a dinner party, the man is terribly busy with work and cannot attend. It can sometimes be a challenge to even get the man to sit for dinner before he fucks him.

It isn't that Hannibal is trying to build a relationship with Will- putting aside his personal desires, both of them know full well that that is an impossibility. He simply enjoys all pleasures, not just physical, and it has become abundantly clear that there is only one thing Will wants from him. Ultimately, it is an improvement from their previous arrangement where Will could barely tolerate his proximity, but that does not stop it from angering him. He will ensure that Will is satisfied enough not to wander elsewhere, first and foremost.

But if Will is going to use Hannibal for his own gain, Hannibal fails to see why he should not do the same himself. Once he has come to this realization the plan forms rapidly in his mind.

The club isn't a place he drops by on a whim and he hasn't utilized it at all for at least a month. Even still, the doorman lets him in on sight, and the woman working as the receptionist stiffens when she sees him. "Doctor!" she greets, clearly nervous. "We weren't expecting you, what a surprise! Unfortunately has been fully booked today, but if you give me a moment I can try to arrange-"

"No need," Hannibal interrupts, holding up a hand. "I am merely here for a drink."

She visibly relaxes. "In that case, go right ahead."

It's always dark in the club, the low throb of bass-heavy music and the stench of sweat and sex permeating through the room. His nose wrinkles in distaste. The private rooms are much cleaner and well taken care of, so he spends as little time as possible in the common areas. Tonight, however, his target is at the bar, as he is every Wednesday evening like clockwork. He stinks of alcohol, so it seems his issues have not been improving. Perfect. "Mr Reed," Hannibal greets the man, taking a seat next to him at the bar and waving away the bartender as they approach.

"Doctor," the man grunts in response, lifting up his glass before draining it. "Haven't seen you around in a while."

"Work has been busy. Forgive me for asking, but you do not look well."

The man laughs. "Course not. Things can't get any better, so they can only get worse instead." Reed is a man with desires that overlap Hannibal's own; he greatly enjoys humiliating and degrading others. It's slipped into a focus on watching humans get fucked by

non-human animals, and the desire is becoming more and more extreme and starting to take over his entire life. Watching his life fall to pieces around him has been a diverting pastime.

Now, he has another use. “As it turns out, I may have something that would interest you.”

The man beside him scoffs. “I’m not paying shit to see more dogs and horses.”

“How about an undiscovered organism?”

Reed, naturally, looks very hesitant to believe Hannibal, but his own reputation precedes him and it is well known that he is not the sort to make false promises. Even if it was a fake, if it was made well enough Reed would likely be satisfied. “How much?”

“Fifty, and I require payment beforehand.”

The man laughs. “Fifty? Doesn’t matter how well regarded you are, Doctor. I’d have to be insane to pay that much without any sort of proof.”

“Of course,” Hannibal agrees, reaching into the inner pocket of his suit and extracting two photographs. One is of Will, naked from the waist up, posing for Hannibal to draw him. The other is a still frame from the video, when the slug had finally begun to lay. The bump of an egg in the ovipositor is clearly visible and the only thing connecting the two photographs is a wild mop of curly hair and the sharp angle of Will’s jaw as the slug holds him against its body.

Quietly, the man takes the photographs, dwelling briefly on the first before focusing on the second. “What is it doing?” he finally asks.

“Laying eggs,” Hannibal answers, and he hears the man swallow thickly.

“Is this…?”

“You are free to believe what you will, of course, but they are genuine.”

A glance back to the first photograph. “Does he know you’re selling this?”

“He does not,” Hannibal replies, and he can tell from the way Reed’s hands tighten on the photograph that he has caught him.

“Fifty?”

“Fifty, and I must ask that you agree to certain terms.”

“Such as?”

“The man’s identity must be kept secret. If you happen to recognize him I would advise you to forget that information.” The video is unedited beyond a censoring of Will’s name where it had been spoken. If it became obvious who the man in the video was it would not take long for this to come back to Will himself. “Do not share it. If you believe someone may be interested, have them contact me directly.”

Slowly, the man nods. “If you’re being so secretive about this, why sell it in the first place?”

Hannibal blinks, considering the question. “Because he would not wish me to.”

Beside him, Reed pulls out his phone, tapping the screen several times before putting it away. “Wired you the money.”

A quick check confirms that he is now $50,000 richer. He extracts a flash drive and places it on the bar.

Reed snaps it up immediately. “This guy, is he-”

“Alive and well, I assure you.”

“Good,” the man sniffs. “Not into snuff. Pleasure doing business with you. If this is legit I have some people I can send your way.”

“I will await your call.” Hannibal stands from the bar, ready to leave, but Reed stops him.

“Hey, can I ask why you’re even selling this? You seem like the type who doesn’t like to share, and it’s not like you need the money. What do you get out of this?”

“Pleasure,” Hannibal answers, and leaves without another word.

Works inspired by this one

[PODFIC] Apomixis by metencephalon

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!